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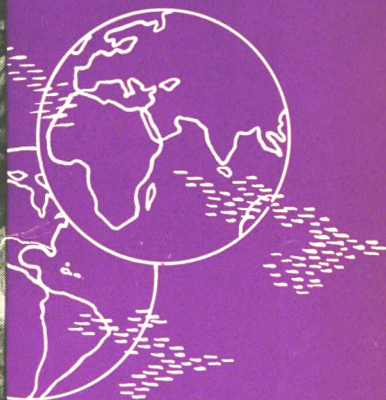
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Other^{The} Sheep



Missionary Voice of the Church of the Nazarene

Easter in Swaziland

By Grace Abila

OUR EASTER SEASON starts on the Thursday before Easter Sunday, when we begin our special services in the church for the Abantu people. Good Friday is a holiday all over South Africa, so we observe it here at the hospital as well. It is the only holiday we have other than Christmas.

We had three services in the church on Good Friday, all based on the last few days and hours of Christ's earthly life. Saturday we had no special programs, so that everyone could be in bed early and up in time to attend the sunrise service the next morning.

We gathered on a hill back of the girls' hostel. From this elevation we could see all the rest of the station and the distant village spread out before us. Beyond were the rolling hills of Swaziland, hundreds of them, deep blue in the heavy shadows, shading into purple, deep rose, pink, and at last to mellow gold as the morning sun climbed higher behind the distant peaks.

Our service started at five-thirty in the morning and there were many Swazis there, as well as the missionaries.

We sang the beautiful hymns of the Cross, and looking about me at the crowd of Swazi believers, I realized

more vividly than ever before that the Sun of Righteousness was truly risen!

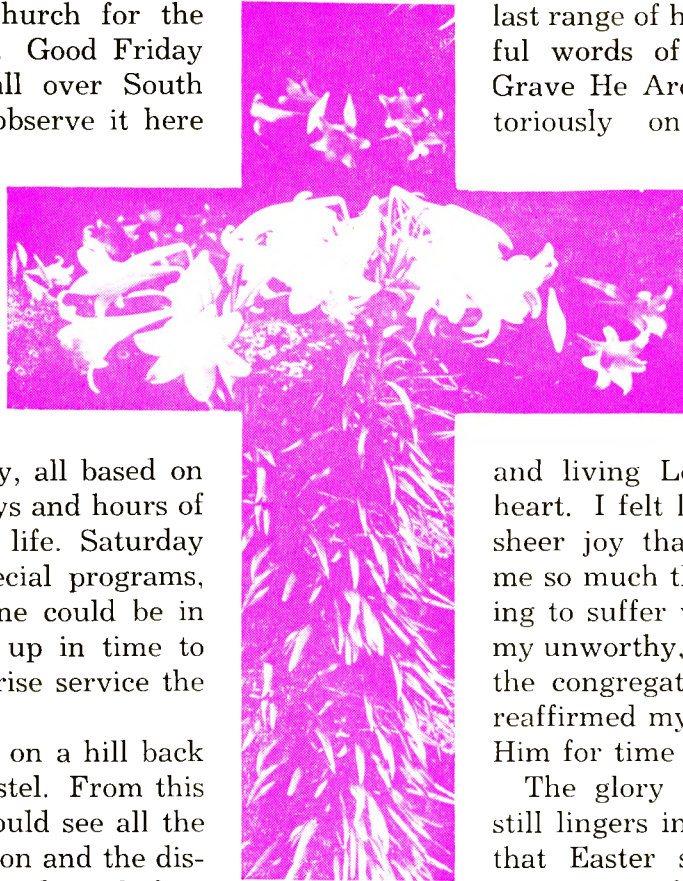
As the sun broke over the last range of hills, the wonderful words of "Up from the Grave He Arose" floated victoriously on the morning breeze. My heart was thrilled. I knew He was risen indeed—not two thousand years ago, but today, a risen

and living Lord in my own heart. I felt like shouting for sheer joy that He had loved me so much that He was willing to suffer what he had for my unworthy, sinful self. With the congregation I knelt and reaffirmed my consecration to Him for time and eternity.

The glory of His presence still lingers in the memory of that Easter service. How I praise Him for His outpourings on my life!

When I realize the privilege He has given me to work among the people of this land—people who are groping for Someone to satisfy the longings of their hearts, but they do not know who this One may be—then I praise God for His mercy and grace to me, and for the high honor with which He has entrusted me, to bring His message of salvation to these who are lost.

God is blessing in our services. The people are coming to hear the blessed Word.



Sacrifice for Missions

SEPARATED FROM MEXICO proper by approximately one hundred miles of water, known as the Gulf of California, is the one-thousand-mile-long peninsula called Baja (Lower) California, Mexico. This finger of land which projects southward into the Pacific Ocean is about seventy-five miles wide.

The two main centers of our Nazarene work there are Tijuana and Ensenada. We have, in addition, ten churches and preaching points on the peninsula. It was recently my privilege to visit these two main centers and three of the other churches—Tecate, Chapultepec, and Maneadero.

If there are any Nazarenes anywhere who are not wholly convinced that missions pay; any who do not see the value of large investments in the missionary enterprise, and who, by their meager investment of finances and prayer, are failing to give our struggling missionary work the assistance they could give, I wish that those people could have been with us in Baja California, Mexico.

At Tecate, we found Rev. and Mrs. Basilio Munoz doing a splendid work for the Master, even though the church building is of extremely modest construction, costing no more than one thousand dollars. Their devotion and self-denial would shame the rest of us. They are graduates of our Spanish Bible Institute in San Antonio, Texas—a school which is operated by your mission dollars. With very little furniture in their humble parsonage, they are happy and thrilled to be servants of the Lord and workmen in His vineyard.

The little churches in Chapultepec and Maneadero were also wonderful examples of "stretching missionary dollars."

At Tijuana and Ensenada the church buildings are a credit to the work. The Northern California District made them possible some years ago when Dr. Roy Snee requested Mrs. Louise Chapman

to talk to the district convention about the various mission specials which had been approved by the General Board. Among other needs she presented the situations in Tijuana and Ensenada. Dr. Snee tells us that in presenting the opportunity for this offering the question was asked, "Is the Lord talking to anyone about these needs?" A Norwegian stood up in the balcony and said in broken English, "The Lord, He tell me to give five hundred dollar." In a very short time \$12,000.00 was pledged for these two projects. It was a blessed service and there have been blessed results.

Go with us to the revival meeting which was in progress at the Ensenada church. Pastor Roberto Moreno and Evangelist Juan Madrid, both marvelous trophies of God's grace, and capable ordained ministers of the church, will extend you a cordial welcome. After enjoying the singing in Spanish, the timely message, also in Spanish, on the subject "Moses' Decision," and a thrilling altar service, I want you to meet Sister Juanita Breseda, who is a faithful member of the church. She is a poor woman from the standpoint of this world's goods and she is the only means of support for an unfortunate feeble-minded daughter. As you shake Sister Breseda's hand, be fully persuaded that you are looking upon one of God's choice handmaidens.

Last October the pastor from Rosario, Rev. De Haro, traveled 210 miles north to Ensenada. He had labored for two years with no visible results among the adults of the community and had decided to close the work at the end of the year if none were won by that time. While in Ensenada he learned that Sister Breseda had a wind-up phonograph and some religious records. Her son had presented these to her as a gift some weeks before. Mr. De Haro offered her one hundred pesos (\$8.00) for the machine, which was worth approximately one thousand pesos. Reasoning

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Sacrifice for Missions

(Continued from page 1)

that it was for the Lord's work and that it was given to her, she granted the pastor his desire, and he went enthusiastically back to his task.

When time came at Ensenada for the Thanksgiving offering for missions, Brother Moreno presented a challenge to his people. Sister Breseda gave the one hundred pesos which she had received for her phonograph. Others matched her sacrificial giving until, in a church that had been giving \$25.00 to \$30.00 in such offerings, the pastor received \$220.37!

Mrs. Breseda would tell you that her grandchildren, nieces, and nephews gave her back the one hundred pesos in their Christmas gifts and that she is tremendously happy over the fact that Brother De Haro has won eight entire families to the Lord, including one very prominent man in Rosario. Mr. De Haro took the phonograph from home to home and wherever he went the people would gather. After he played the records there

would be preaching. His church is getting on beautifully.

The initial investment of \$6,000.00 for the Ensenada church building, the General Budget grant which helps to operate the church, Mrs. Breseda's phonograph and records, and the missions offering from the congregation in Ensenada are glowing proof, along with the work in Tecate, Chapultepec, and Maneadero, that missions do pay.

The Easter Missionary Offering on April 10 is your opportunity to promote this work. It is of sufficient importance to justify an all-out effort on the part of every church member and friend of world evangelism. The needs are so urgent that the decision to "sacrifice for missions" should be unanimous.

The Judgment of God

The Lord is known by the judgment which he executeth (Ps. 9:16).

To the little picturesque Indian town of Purulha, located in what is called "the Alps of Guatemala," the gospel had come at last. Nazarene missionaries, national colporteurs, and preachers had come to the place, giving out literature on the streets. They had also visited in homes and given their testimonies and it was noised about that they were going to establish a preaching place. José F., a burly national of that zone, was incensed. Before his town friends he shouted boastfully, thrusting his brawny right arm out before them, "I vow that, while I have this good right arm, that heretical gospel shall not find a place in this town!"

For twenty-five years the Nazarene work has been advancing in Purulha, and for as many years José F., minus his right arm, has been a reminder to me of the truth expressed in the above text. The Nazarenes expect to win José. He occasionally comes to the church to hear the gospel preached now, and is a friendly neighbor to meet on the highway.

How did he lose his arm? Not too long after his angry boast, he was grinding his sugar cane and caught his right arm in the mill, mangling it so badly that it had to be amputated.—MRS. R. C. INGRAM, Guatemala.

Front Cover: Three Lions

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It Has Never Been Easy

By C. Warren Jones, D.D.

THE SPREADING of the gospel has never been easy. It was a difficult task nineteen centuries ago. It is a man-sized job in our day. Modern means of travel and an increase in knowledge have not made it much easier. Civilization has scaled the ladder, education has climbed to dizzy heights, living standards have skyrocketed; yet with all our modern conveniences it is a struggle to get the gospel message to the people of the earth.

Why should we think this strange? Jesus did not find it easy during His earthly ministry. He was misunderstood and given a cold shoulder by His own people. Many listened to Him, but only a few believed. On one occasion He said, "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." He healed the sick, raised the dead, and cast out demons, but the people gnashed upon Him with their teeth and demanded that He leave their country.

Pentecost was ushered in. The disciples and over one hundred laymen took over the task of spreading the gospel. They made converts and established the Church, but it was all done at the price of blood. Stephen was stoned to death just across the brook Kidron from the Garden of Gethsemane. Most of the disciples filled martyr's graves. Mark went to Egypt with the gospel. He succeeded in a tremendous way, but he was finally dragged through the streets of Alexandria until he was dead. True, the Early Church flourished, but the highways of that day were stained with the blood of martyrs who refused to be defeated. The Apostle Paul was beheaded, Savonarola was burned at the stake, and millions died rather than deny Jesus Christ. They gave their lives for the gospel. It was not easy to be a Christian.

The propagation of the gospel has ever been a rugged business. No easy method of world evangelism has ever been discovered. Some have endeavored to make it easy. They have taken the low road of compromise. They have substituted social uplift, culture, and education for the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. They have discarded the Blood and forgotten that Jesus said, "Ye must be born again." They have multiplied numbers but lost sight of the trans-

forming power of Jesus Christ in the lives of the people.

It has not been easy across the centuries for the Christian leaders who have preached the gospel, blazed trails, and hewed out God's kingdom. It was not easy for Martin Luther to defy the established church and head up a Reformation which resulted in Protestantism. It was not easy for John Wesley to preach holiness, have revivals, and give Methodism to the world. It was not easy for P. F. Bresee to declare for Christian perfection and start the Church of the Nazarene. None of our general or district superintendents have had it easy. It has been a fight across these fifty years. It has not been easy for our pastors to stem the tide of worldliness, row against the currents of this world, keep their churches spiritual, and build the Church of the Nazarene. It has not been easy for our evangelists. For every real revival they have paid a price in sweat and tears and prayer and sacrifice. They have had revivals but these have not come easily.

It has not been easy for our missionaries to establish beachheads in heathen lands. Seventeen of our consecrated workers lie buried today beneath foreign soil. They prayed and cried and struggled and died among their people. Others, after years of service, furloughed home in time to find a resting place in their native soil. Across the country are thirty or more old missionaries who gave their best years for the spread of the gospel in other lands. On the fields now is a group of almost three hundred missionaries. Some of them are growing old, some are seeing their last term of service. Some in middle life are prematurely old. The heathen atmosphere, the climate, and the constant struggle against evil and hardship, all are taking their toll. Even the young missionaries are fighting against tremendous odds. They know that they are in the fight and must keep fighting if they would win.

It is not going to be easy in the years to come to spread the gospel. God has never promised that it would be easy. But He has promised, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end." That is enough. If He is with us, we will make it. We'll do our part—help win the war—and at last join the army of the redeemed and the Blood-washed of all the earth.

NOTES *and*

QUOTES

Thank You

This is a letter received by Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Alexander, parents of Mayme Alexander, our missionary in Guatemala. Anita Canelo was saved in Mayme's kitchen on the mission field.

Appreciated Mr. and Mrs. Alexander:

With all my heart I take this moment to greet you lovingly desiring that you find yourself in good health.

I want with these few lines to express my love for you even though I do not know you. But in my heart exists a special love for having known this precious daughter that you had the pleasure of sending to this country. I want to say to you that she is very precious to me, and for this I give you thanks. By this letter I want to tell you that by her I have received salvation and sanctification.

Now receive love from a friend that loves you.

Anita Canelo

He Is Risen

He is not here, but is risen (Luke 24:6).

It was an unforgettable spring morning in February, 1947, when we stood for the first time in the Garden Tomb in Jerusalem. Abundant signs of new life springing from the ground vividly reminded us of the Resurrection. As we stepped into the tomb in which the body of our Lord had been laid to rest, the words of the angels on the first Easter morning took on new significance. "He is not here, but is risen." This triumphant announcement of the completion of our atonement was made from the tomb in which we were standing. The wonder of it stirred our hearts deeply. Yes, His body had gone but He was there—we knew the touch of His redemptive power in our lives and felt His very presence with us on that momentous spot.—GRACE A. RUSSELL, *Jordan*.

Ten Questions

1. Why did a Guatemalan Christian write to someone in the United States, and to whom did she write?
2. Where did they hold sunrise service in Swaziland? Describe the service.
3. What missionary sent an SOS for bandages?
4. Describe the "day of the dead."
5. What happened to the man who was giving out Bibles and tracts? What country was he working in?
6. Who was dynamited for preaching the gospel?
7. What did the missionary do when a drunk disturbed his service? Who was the missionary and in what country?
8. Who had to dodge coconuts and grapefruit as they drove along the road? Where?
9. Name the new study book for the next year. What is it about?
10. Describe the making of cane sugar in Peru, as nearly as you can.



PRAY for the Bible school students in the Cape Verde Islands. They are eager to go to the other islands where there is no Nazarene work, but they need to stay in school for thorough preparation, first.

PRAY for our missionaries who suffer from ill health. The Johnstons and Hendrixes of Argentina, the Armstrongs of Bolivia, the Vaughterses of Guatemala, and the Aults of British Guiana, would all appreciate your continued prayers. And do not forget to pray for the many other missionaries who work constantly on the verge of exhaustion from the heat, the climate, disease, and overwork. They also need your earnest prayers.

PRAY for Sedats as they translate the Bible into Kekchi. Pray that God's Word shall have a widespread distribution among these people.

PRAY for the Christians on Formosa, and for the missionaries, that they shall reap a bountiful harvest of precious souls in these critical days.

MISSIONARY HIGH LIGHTS

TESTIMONIES

STATISTICS

REPORTS

STORIES

PICTURES

FEATURES

My Vision ————— *By Barbara Renard**

LAST NIGHT I saw a vision, a vision of a country in need. The vision was shown to me by a girl in our Spanish Nazarene Bible School who had just received word of her brother's death. I spent the evening praying, reading the Word, and talking with her; and she told me of her brother, her family, and her country, Mexico.

She recalled the time she visited a rich uncle in another village. The uncle, wearing a large machete knife for pruning his fig trees, took her roughly by the arm and said, "Come, we will go to the church and ask the priest if I should kill you, for you are a Protestant." Although she was but a child, she knew that her uncle would do whatever the priest said; but she felt no fear, for she knew her God would help her. At the door of the church they met a lady who had known the family for many years. After chatting with them for a time, this friend asked to take the little girl home with her for a visit. When she returned to her uncle's home three days later, no further mention of the priest was ever made.

She told me of her adopted sister, who had run away from her mother, who was attempting to kill her because she had accepted Christ and would no longer bring men to her home to buy the wines and liquors she made. Even now her mother says she will kill her the next time she sees her.

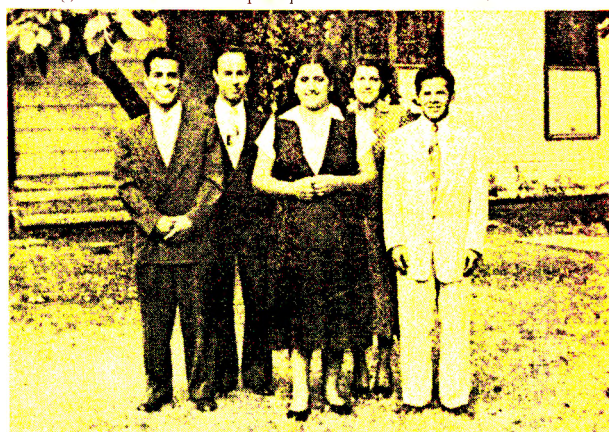
She remembered a man who went to another village to give out Bibles and tracts and to tell of Jesus Christ. They beat him, pulled out his eyelashes, and, binding his hands behind his back, took him to the top of a hill to kill him. He lifted his eyes toward heaven and began to pray. When he looked about him again, all the people were gone. He never knew where they went nor why they left him, but only that God had delivered him. With much stumbling and falling in his weakened condition, he made his way to a house, where a kind woman gave him food and rest. There he was able to leave his testimony and the Word.

One Christmas this Bible school girl had visited a village with gifts and Bibles. Knowing that it

was only one of many such villages, her heart ached to see the barefoot, coatless children in the winter snow, many of them dying from lack of warm clothing, and from bathing and washing their clothing in the cold river.

She recalled the time the Lord wanted her to go to visit a friend dying with tuberculosis. She was afraid and did not want to enter his room, but she knew that God was speaking to her. There she was welcomed with gladness, for her friend knew she was a Christian and was longing to know of Christ. Although when the others discovered it they attacked her for being an "evil devil," she had the joy of seeing her friend accept Christ before dying.

She talked of many villages: villages without running water, heat, lights, stoves, refrigerators—and without God; villages where there may be 365 Catholic churches (one on each corner, one for each day of the year) but no Protestant work; villages where the people live and die, bound in



1954 graduating class, Spanish Nazarene Bible School. Two in back row are teachers, Mr. and Mrs. Gerber.

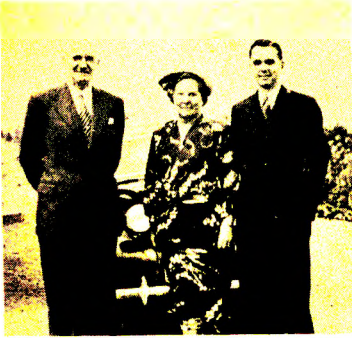
superstitions and sins. And as she talked, her heart grieved more for her country than for her brother who is dead, and I saw a vision: a vision of a country in need of our Christ, the Saviour.

Because we cannot send missionaries into Mexico, the hope of our work there and of the salvation of Mexican souls lies in our national workers.

*Teacher, Spanish Nazarene Bible School.

Going on Furlough

By Dr. David Hynd, C.B.E.



Dr. and Mrs. David Hynd and their son, Samuel, taken in 1950.

GOING ON FURLOUGH to missionaries who have been on the field for thirty years is an experience which brings mixed feelings. When one sees so much still to be done in winning men for Christ, in spreading the gospel, and in building

up His kingdom in a dark and needy land; when one is busily engaged in elaborating plans for the intensive carrying out of the task, it is hard to contemplate laying it down for a whole year. Especially is this so for a medical missionary, when the need for medical missions is so pressing, and our home board is experiencing difficulty in finding qualified young doctors who will volunteer to meet the great need.

Then too, with the passing of the years the family home ties tend to disappear, and in our case, this last term on the field has seen the parents of both of us pass on to their reward, so that the old homes have gone. We ask ourselves rather bewilderedly, "Where is home now?"

There is, of course, the thought that the work of the foreign missionary in the indigenous church should be such as should make him dispensable. The furlough should give the missionary the opportunity of finding out how far along the road to success in this respect his work has been leading. Again, he is also a missionary—that is, he is one who is sent, and a personal report is due to the senders, who in our case are numbered by the thousands in the United States, Canada, Britain, and Australia. The personal contact of senders and sent-ones should be mutually helpful to each in providing renewed vision and inspiration in the greatest task this world knows: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

In any case, we have started on furlough. After

a round of farewells to our flock and friends at Bremersdorp, Swaziland, including an invitation to tea at the new home of Sobhuza II, paramount chief of Swaziland, we set out on January 3, 1955, on a 400-mile trip by motor car to the coast. We wanted to make the trip in one day, and we awoke very early, alarmed by the sound of heavy rain on the roof. It had evidently been raining for some time. We wasted no time in getting on our way.

The first 150 miles we traveled over mountainous dirt roads, and for 70 of those miles it poured down rain all the way. Dr. Samuel Hynd took the passengers in his car and I followed in Miss Jester's pickup with the luggage. With care we got up the mountains, but when we reached leveler country, we had two dangerous moments when we almost landed in the ditch. The port of Durban, Natal, welcomed us late in the evening with its twinkling lights and a heavy downpour, and it was a group of thankful but weary travelers who got into bed in the Concord Missionary Rest Home.

Mrs. Hynd, our daughter Margaret, and I sailed for Scotland on January 5, by the Italian ship "Europa," which traveled up the east coast of Africa. We had the special privilege of being waved and sung good-by by Miss Jester, Miss Bagley, Miss McNabb, Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Hynd and our grandbaby Elizabeth, Rev. and Mrs. Paul Hetrick and their children, Miss Blann of the Pilgrim Holiness church, and two of our African Christians.

To add to the pleasure of our homeward trip, Miss Audrey Peate, one of our Nazarene members from the church at Morley, England, had just completed a term of service as a civil servant in Rhodesia and was returning home on the same ship as we. She was going home to marry one of our young Nazarene men in Scotland who has recently finished his medical training. Miss Peate visited our work in Bremersdorp on her way to the coast. We trust that her contact with the work in Africa may mean much to her and to the work in the days to come.

(To be continued)

A Rare Privilege

By Pearl Ingram, Guatemala

OUR 1954 CHRISTMAS in Guatemala was filled with happy privileges; and one which we considered a very special and rare one was that of helping a good Nazarene celebrate her one hundredth birthday. As you can see from the picture, taken on her birthday, her face reflects the mellowness of her Christian character. Her name is Delfina Milian.

The gospel message of salvation first came to her forty years ago, through one of our Guatemalan Nazarene workers who was faithful in personal evangelism. Delfina was not saved at once, but as she saw the transformation wrought in the life of her saved daughter, she was convinced that the gospel was the truth and she turned from her old religious traditions and gave her heart to the living God.

At present she lives here in Coban in the home of Isidoro Lopez, our Nazarene printer, whose wife is Delfina's granddaughter. But most of her 100 years were spent in her own humble, thatch-roofed home some miles out of Tactic on the road to Salama. Her simple faith and buoyant spirit of joy in the Lord have been a blessing to many.

Until a simple chapel was erected on a nearby plot of ground, donated by the family, her daughter superintended the rural Sunday school in the home, and "Mother" was the most enthusiastic member of the whole group.

On our trips to and from Coban over a period of years, first by muleback and later by car, we often stopped to visit the family. On one occasion Mr. Ingram found Delfina, then ninety-six years old, driving home the family cow from the pasture.

A few months ago Delfina fell from her chair, fracturing her right arm, and it has not properly healed. But in spite of this handicap and her deafness, she remains physically active and very alert mentally.

She attended our Christmas Eve program, remaining until midnight in true Guatemalan fashion, and enjoyed it to the full. She is, indeed, a precious trophy of God's grace.



Texas-Mexican District Assembly, 1954



Come with By



Chota from hills above the town. Our buildings are in the circle to the right of the street.



Plowing our back lot for a garden. The yoke is bound to the horns of the oxen with leather thongs.



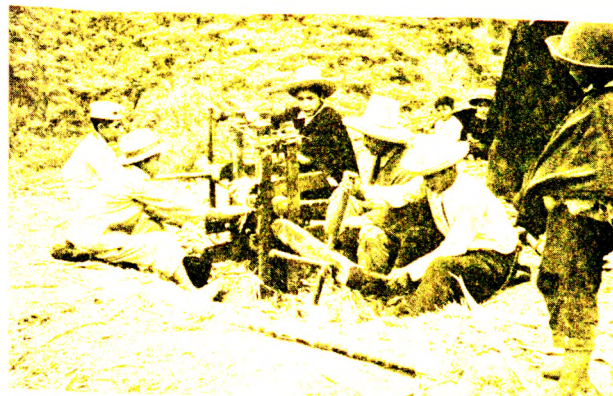
Building an adobe wall. Adobe bricks weigh about one hundred pounds.



Chota on market day. Those in foreground are selling meat.



Softening sugar cane stalks with a mallet, before running them through the juice extractor.



Extracting cane juice with a hand *trapiche*. Note bucket to catch juice, sitting at feet of boy on left. Note also the white cup. Visitors are always urged to use this cup in helping themselves to the sweet juice.



Close-up of sugar extractor. One boy turns his roller in one direction, the other turns his the opposite. It draws the cane through like a clothes wringer. The rollers are held down by pegs above the top roller. The white substance in the trough is cane juice.

to Peru lliker



Dressing a hog. Instead of dipping it in hot water, they burn the hair off.



After burning they scrape the carcass thoroughly to remove any remaining hair. Value of a hog is calculated by how much lard it will give, not by its weight, nor by the amount of meat it will produce.



Making *empanadas*. *Empanadas* look like little apple turnovers, but have a small piece of meat inside instead of apples.



The local candymaker



Frying cracklings and guinea pig



Marketing in Chota. Brother Vigil is holding a *raicacha*, a vegetable something like a parsnip, but having several roots instead of one. In the foreground are chilies and oranges.



The local garbage collector

The Day of the Dead

By Harry Flinner, Peru*

FIESTA time in Mexico—marked by deafening fireworks, drunken revelry in the streets and homes, and the unceasing clanging of ancient church bells inviting townsfolk to join in the merriment—brings to the Christian who sees it an aching heart and a sense of despair. For this is the best that is offered to these people.

We are now on the eve of Mexico's most impressive *fiesta*, "El Dia de los Muertos" ("the Day of the Dead")—most impressive in its festivities, yet most depressive to those who know the risen Christ in saving power. During this holiday it is believed that the dead return to their families, and great preparation is made to welcome them.

Even as we write this, firecrackers can be heard in every direction, extending an invitation to the departed dead. The petals of the flower of the dead, the marigold, are strewn throughout the cities and villages in paths to lead the spirits home. A window wreathed in marigold is left open in each home to afford entrance to the visiting loved one.

In every non-Protestant home an altar is built on which are placed all the delicacies, meats, pastries, and drinks that were favorites of the dead. These are supposedly eaten by the spirits of *los muertos*, but in reality provide the food and drink for two days of drunken *fiesta*.

In many of the villages, at daybreak the first day of the *fiesta*, the families wend their way to the cemeteries carrying with them the favorite food of their departed loved ones—*pan de muerte* ("bread of the dead"), leering edible skulls made of sugar with bright tinsel eyes. They sometimes bring toys for the little dead children, and always candles and marigolds. The grave is cleared of weeds and trash, the tombstone is whitewashed, the food is laid out as a feast for the spirits. Then the candles are lit and they begin their all-night vigil in the graveyard, communing with the dead. The children huddle against their mothers, munching the sugar skulls.

At the cemetery gate, venders set up stands where *tortillas*, *tacos*, beer, and religious trinkets are sold. To the blare of jukebox music, couples dance in the street. Thus they commemorate "the Day of the Dead." And not only the poor, ignorant peasant, but the wealthy, educated folk of the cities, take part in these *fiestas*.

And such are all the *fiestas* of people who do not know the power of God unto salvation, for to these folk Christ is only a dead figure on a cross.

Caquiaviri

By Earl D. Hunter, Bolivia

CAQUIAVIRI is an important Indian center. When the old Inca empire dominated all the rest of the South American civilizations, the Aymara Indians made their last stand on the cliffs behind Caquiaviri. They never surrendered.

Five years ago one of our most aggressive national workers made several visits there to hold services. The people were instructed to resist his efforts. As he was leaving the town one day on his bicycle, a charge of dynamite exploded under him, demolishing the bike and throwing him to the ground. Indians were hidden nearby. They caught him and warned him never to try another evangelistic service there. Another group of Protestants had also been stoned out of town.

Before the dynamiting of our worker, however, one man had been saved. The people burned his grass-roofed house, but he stayed true to God. No regular work has been going on there during these past five years. But the seed sown remained fertile and even grew some. A nearby pastor had some relatives in the town and he has been able to enter occasionally. In so doing he has quietly won a couple of other souls to Christ. Two residents of the town drifted into an Indian service of ours in La Paz and were saved. More recently a non-Indian leader from there came to our Spanish service in La Paz and was saved.

So about four of our pastors were reporting to me that they had believers in the impossible town of Caquiaviri. Upon investigating, I found that each of the four had separate connections unknown to the others. One of our good laymen who has a truck touches the town frequently and we commissioned him to try to get them together.

Last week end I entered the town with two of our preachers. Though I was a stranger and was just feeling my way around, I was soon met by men who seemed to know who I was. I was on my way to another church and in a hurry, but they insisted that we must stay for at least a half hour. All the believers had gotten together! By the time we had finished the chicken dinner there were fourteen young people and adults gathered—all of them good, substantial citizens.

With great emotion my preacher who had been dynamited spoke to them. He gave an invitation and four of the young men knelt in repentance.

We have no worker to put there yet. We do have a special offering that will help buy a church property. And there are enough believers to form a church already! Please help us pray for a worker and for the right property.

*Mr. Flinner was in Mexico for language study before going to Peru.

The Joneses *Africa*



Olvette Culley *Nicaragua*



DR. T. HAROLD JONES

The fact that I was born on the mission field, and that of pioneer parents, gave me no right to nor inheritance of salvation. It was not until the age of thirteen years that I was challenged by deep conviction of sin and a consciousness of my lost estate, and surrendered my life to God.

The early years of my life were spent on the Witwatersrand, where my parents had opened the first mission station for the International Holiness Mission. Later we moved to Rehoboth, near Johannesburg. It was from this station, where the African Bible school had been established, that my brother and I commenced our schooling. Our home was quite a distance from the school, and we traveled the distance daily on donkey back! With the development of modern transportation we were soon making use of bicycles, and ultimately proceeded to high school in Johannesburg, which entailed thirty miles of traveling by bus each day.

In 1936 I proceeded to Bible school in Cape Town, and in the following year I was accepted by the International Holiness Mission as a missionary.

The first few years were spent teaching in the Bible school at Rehoboth and working among the compounds of the Transvaal Gold Reef. For some years I had had a desire to become a medical missionary, and in 1940 the Lord wonderfully answered prayer by opening up the way for me to take up medical studies in Johannesburg, while my wife faithfully stood by the mission station. It was at the end of 1946 that I qualified; and after a year of practical work in a mission hospital in Durban, Natal province, I returned to the field.

It has been a great joy to serve as a medical missionary at the Ethel Lucas Memorial Hospital and to watch with interest the growth and development. It is our constant prayer that through the means of medicine souls may be won for the Kingdom.

ALETTA JONES

How glad I am to testify that God can soundly save and sanctify a child, for that is just what He did for me! God answered the prayers of a faithful mother when I attended some meetings held in our school by the Students Christian Association, when He saved my soul, and later



cleansed my heart and filled me with the Holy Spirit, and I knew that He was my All in All.

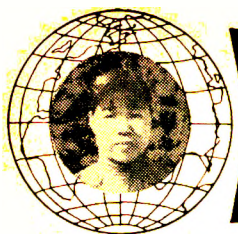
On leaving school I was accepted into the band of workers at the Africa Joyful News Crusade, with headquarters at Hope Hall, Johannesburg, where young men and women from various churches and denominations labored for the Master after office hours and during the week ends, among the slum areas and flat dwellers of the city. It was there that my heart became very burdened about the need of introducing the African people to the Lord Jesus, and getting down before the Lord, I told Him that I was willing to serve in the field. His Word came to me: "Blessed shalt thou be in the city, and blessed shalt thou be in the field" (Deut. 28:3). While tarrying in the city, enjoying His blessing, I met my husband to be, who was then teaching in the native Bible school at Rehoboth. After we were married, I qualified as a registered midwife.

I do praise God for the blessings in the field the past fourteen years. Praise Him for a salvation that makes men and women and children clean from within! How we long to bring every man, woman, and child into vital touch with our glorious Saviour!

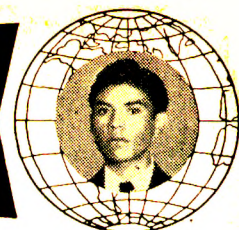
OLVETTE CULLEY

Olvette Culley was born August 23, 1926, in El Reno, Oklahoma. Two weeks later she and her twin sister were adopted into the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Culley. Though not Christians at the time, these God-fearing parents had promised to raise their adopted girls in a Christian atmosphere, and they kept their word. Miss Culley spent the first few years of her life attending the Salvation Army Sunday school, but at the age of six, she started to the Church of the Nazarene. At an early age she was saved and joined the church. Later while she was at St. Anthony's School of Nursing, Oklahoma City, the Lord sanctified her and laid upon her heart the call of medical missions. Feeling the need of further study after nurse's training, she attended Bethany-Peniel College, there receiving a Bachelor of Arts degree in 1951. She worked as the college nurse while waiting to be appointed. In September, 1952, she received her appointment to Nicaragua, Central America, and arrived on the field two months later. Miss Culley is now in her third year serving as clinic nurse in San Jorge, Rivas, Nicaragua.





YOUTH PAGE



Have You Ever?

By Dean Galloway, Nicaragua

HAVE YOU EVER seen a man walk in the front door of your church, make the sign of the cross, and quietly take his seat in the audience somewhere? Have you ever seen anyone walk into your church and continue to walk right on down the center aisle without hesitation and kneel at the altar while the preacher is preaching? How would you react if someone stood up while you were preaching and insisted on asking questions or just talking? What would you do if someone walked to the front of the church and on up to the platform, having decided it was time for him to take over? Or what would be your reaction if someone insisted on talking and perhaps even cursing while you were preaching, or if he began kicking the person sitting on the bench in front of him?

You think those things don't happen? Scarcely a Sunday night goes by without something like this happening during our service here in Jinotepe, Nicaragua. Let me tell you of an incident that is typical in many respects and yet unusual in others.

Night before last I conducted the opening exercises, then turned the service over to our associate pastor, Don Abelino Palma, to bring the evangelistic message. He read the scripture and began to pray. We have been having a difficult time with drunks coming in and all but breaking up our services, and in his prayer he prayed that the Lord wouldn't let the devil break the spirit of the service in any way.

Soon after he began to preach, a man heavily under the influence of liquor entered the door. He knelt near the door while crossing himself several times, and muttering something in a low voice all the time. He then walked down to the altar, knelt there for a time, evidently praying, then got up and walked back and tried to make a young married woman move over, so he could sit down beside her. She kindly asked him to sit on a bench across the aisle. He started to use force. I rose to go to her aid, but just then two men got up from their seats on the opposite

side of the church and quietly but firmly ushered him to another seat.

This was thrilling to me, for I realized that the young man who took the lead in this task was a man who just one week before had been a backslider given to drink, but had prayed his way back into the kingdom of God that Sunday night.

A few moments later, the drunk was again on his knees in the middle of the aisle between the



Some of our Nicaraguan Sunday-school children

front benches and the altar, swaying back and forth and causing a disturbance. I began praying, "Lord, I don't know what to do. Please take care of him." I continued to pray, but as the man stayed there, I could think of nothing else to do and I prayed, "Lord, knock him down." The thought was scarcely finished when the man toppled over unconscious and the same two men walked over, picked him up, carried him out, and deposited him on the step of the church. He awakened later and tried to come back inside, but our young self-appointed guard met him at the door. At the same time, three members of the National Guard walked by, asked what the trouble was, and took the drunk into custody.

The powers of darkness were working, but God anointed His messenger and message that night. A young man came to the altar and, for the first time in his life, found Christ as his personal Saviour.



GENERAL PRESIDENT'S NOTES

PULL IN THE ROPE



"As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff: they shall part alike" (I Sam. 30:24).

A rope has two ends. William Carey in speaking of his call to India ad-

monished his friends by saying that he would go down but they must hold the rope.

"Holding the Ropes" is our theme for this quadrennium. Our missionaries have gone down. Others will be going this year. Some of our fine young people will be leaving for the primitive island of New Guinea.

They that go down are no more important than they who hold the ropes. They shall part alike. There can be no going unless there is an army of strong, alerted rope holders.

Dr. Oswald Smith told the following story:

"A group of people were standing about a deep pool when a child fell into the water. Numbed with horror, the crowd watched as the child went down once, and then a young man tied a rope about himself and jumped into the pool. As the child went down the third time the man reached him and, holding him in his arms, shouted, 'All right, pull in the rope.' The crowd gasped in horror, as they saw the end of the rope lying on the water. Someone had let go the rope."

Over 300 missionaries and more than 1,000 national workers down in the pool are shouting to us at this Easter time, "All right, pull in the rope."

God grant that we all shall pull with all our might. As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that holdeth the rope. If we work together, each realizing his importance on one or the other end of the rope, the dying will be rescued, and in saving them we will save ourselves.

**EASTER OFFERING
APRIL 10
GIVE
FOR CHRIST AND SOULS**

MAY EMPHASIS

"OTHER SHEEP"

May is the month when most of the districts will be having their OTHER SHEEP campaigns. Several suggestions and ideas for the drive in your local church are given in the April-May-June issue of the *Council Tidings*. In looking over the district bulletins recently I found this challenging report:

The Columbus Warren Ave. Church has secured a record number of 702 OTHER SHEEP subscriptions. This was accomplished quickly during a short period of the regular morning worship service. The pastor, Rev. H. B. Anthony, asked the congregation for the number of subscriptions to the magazine they desired. These numbers were recorded by the church secretary, while the local N.F.M.S. president and three others distributed the OTHER SHEEP envelopes, securing the names and addresses. Along with the above, Mr. John Pannabecker, Sr., obtained 140 subscriptions from his fellow employees and friends outside of the church.

AUSTRALIAN N.F.M.S. CONVENTION

The N.F.M.S. Convention of the Australian Church of the Nazarene was held December 7 at a Youth Centre near the Australian Nazarene Bible College. This gave all delegates an opportunity to see the college and to become more acquainted with our work there.

Mrs. Eldred brought to us a missionary message on India, which was a challenge and a blessing. We look forward eagerly to our studies on this land during the coming year.

Mrs. Dawson was re-elected district president with a wonderful vote of confidence, and I know I speak for every Australian member as I say, "How we thank God for our dear sister and her burden for souls and loving leadership!"

Among the letters of greeting sent from the convention was one from our first Australian missionary, Miss Mary Bagley, in Stegi. Miss Bagley has the prayers of the district behind her, and we pray that more young people throughout this land will take their place for God and missions.

We were blest to have Dr. Hardy C. Powers with us for the first time. We thank God for his ministry in our midst.

MRS. N. HANCOCK, Reporter

THE CROSS COMPELS US



We live in an up-to-date age. Everyone wants to know the latest news, the latest developments, the latest reports. A few days ago the general treasurer received the following anonymous letter giving this up-to-date, 1955 incident from everyday life.

Dear Sir:

As I ironed the family's clothes my mind turned to Jesus and how much He had done for me. Praise the Lord!

My mind also turned to the Easter Offering, which isn't too far away.

I thought of the pretty hat I would buy for Easter.

And then I thought how wonderful it would be if every Nazarene woman would give the price of her Easter bonnet to Jesus.

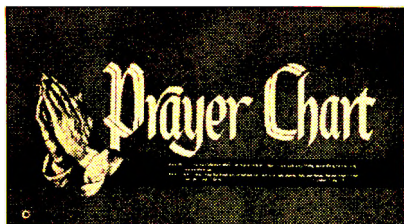
We sing of casting our crowns at Jesus' feet. How about casting our Easter bonnets now at Jesus' feet?

Enclosed find \$10.00 for my Easter bonnet. I want to be the first Nazarene woman to cast her bonnet at Jesus' feet. Praise the Lord!

At best my Easter bonnet would be but a few pieces of ribbons, and flowers and frills, but in its place I see precious souls for which Jesus died. Nazarene women, arise, and cast your crown NOW at Jesus' feet.

Little old bareheaded lady
who loves Jesus

Yes, how wonderful it would be if all of us: men, women, boys, and girls, would cast at Jesus' feet an Easter offering which would truly merit the commendation of the Master! The Cross compels us to give for Christ and souls. By giving generously in the Easter Offering we are holding the ropes spoken of by Mrs. Chapman in the "General President's Notes." Don't miss reading them!



PRAYER REQUESTS

Choose one for your chart.

1. Guanajuato and Michoacan, Mexico
2. New work among Tzeltal Indian tribe
3. Veracruz, Mexico, church
4. Well-trained Mexican preacher

Here are some further details concerning these requests, not to be written on the prayer chart.

In the states of Guanajuato and Michoacan, Mexico, opposition is great. One of our national workers was killed in the state of Michoacan some time ago, for lending his home for Nazarene services.

We have new work among the Tzeltal Indian tribe in the southeast section of Mexico. Lately several families have been attacked, Nazarene members have been sent to jail, beaten, and tortured, and threats have been made upon our national workers because of preaching the gospel.

Our church in Veracruz is now undergoing great trials. This is an important harbor located at a strategic point on the Gulf of Mexico. From here, many other preaching points could be started.

Nearly 7,000 Nazarenes are struggling for more well-trained preachers. Pray that some way may be found to insure Christian training for young people who are called to the ministry.

ANSWERED PRAYER

JORDAN

In the July, 1954, issue of the *OTHER SHEEP* we had several prayer requests from the Near East (Jordan). William A. Russell, missionary in the Hashemite Kingdom of the Jordan, writes:

"We are happy to report that God has answered two of the prayer requests that we sent. Two new national pastors have come to us. We rejoice that our Bible school in Beirut [Lebanon] is now a reality and we are looking forward to the time when these young men will be ready to do pastoral and evangelistic work for us."

HAITI

Rev. Paul Orjala writes:

"Thursday, the twenty-third, [December] I signed the papers for the property for our Bible school and headquarters, completing the sale. The property is now ours! Thank the Lord."

The answer to prayer for the La Saline property in Haiti was reported in January "Prayer Chart" column.

DISTRICT CONVENTION BRIEFS

Louisiana—August 31

The Louisiana District N.F.M.S. convened at the district campgrounds on August 31. A most challenging and soul-stirring message was delivered in the opening service by Mrs. Ina Akin.

The high light of the convention was the re-election of our good district superintendent's wife, Mrs. Elbert Dodd, to serve in the capacity of district N.F.M.S. president for another year. She was re-elected by a nearly unanimous vote. Under her capable leadership the district has made substantial gains.

The convention was most privileged to have Dr. Remiss Rehfeldt as our special guest and speaker. His message on holiness missions was indeed challenging and inspiring. Our hearts were greatly blessed, stirred, and challenged. We mean, by God's grace, to accept the challenge and do exploits for God. It was a great convention.

Mrs. PAUL E. KING, Reporter

South Arkansas—September 7

The Second Annual N.F.M.S. Convention of the South Arkansas District was held September 7, at First Church, Little Rock. The theme for the convention was "Let Us Join Hands." A large banner was hung across the front of the auditorium with hands joined together—significant of the co-operation and loyalty each must give in the part of missions.

Under the efficient and capable leadership of Mrs. Willis L. French, president, outstanding gains throughout various departments were shown. Mrs. French was re-elected as N.F.M.S. president by an overwhelming majority.

The high lights of the convention were the messages of the convention speaker, Rev. Cyril Blamey, Mount Edgecombe, Natal, South Africa. His messages stirred the hearts of the hearers, and challenged all to do more than his or her part the coming year.

CHARLES F. WILSON, Reporter

Kansas City—September 7

The Kansas City District N.F.M.S. Convention met at the District Center, Overland Park, Kansas, September 7.

Mrs. Dell Aycock, our district president, whom we all love and appreciate, presided in her sweet and charming way. The special speaker for the morning was Rev. Elmer Schmelenbach, missionary from Africa. He read from Heb. 13:6, "I will not fear what man shall do unto me." He spoke of the national workers and their importance in the work and told a very inspirational story of the conversion and faithful life of Samuel, son of one of the chiefs.

We were privileged to have three of our general superintendents' wives present: Mrs. G. B. Williamson, Mrs. Samuel Young, and Mrs. Hugh C. Benner. Miss Lydia Wilke, missionary from the Cape Verde Islands, and Miss Mary Scott, general N.F.M.S. secretary, were also present. Miss Scott presented the Prayer Chart in her own enthusiastic and convincing manner. She mentioned a request that had been made for India and read a cablegram just received reporting great victories.

Mrs. Aycock gave her very interesting report and was re-elected district president for another year.

We were privileged to have Dr. Hugh C. Benner, our presiding general superintendent, for our evening speaker. He brought a very interesting and educational report of his recent trip to Italy and the Cape Verde Islands.

VERA HOFFPAUHR
Superintendent of Publicity

North Arkansas—September 13

The North Arkansas District N.F.M.S. Convention was held on September 13 in the Central Church of the Nazarene, Fort Smith, Arkansas, with Mrs. J. W. Hendrickson, district president, presiding.

The reports this year were encouraging. A beautiful spirit prevailed throughout the convention. Our district president brought a wonderful report of gain in many phases of the work. There were five new societies organized this year.

Dr. C. Warren Jones's challenging messages stirred our hearts and enlarged our vision. Dr. J. I. Hill brought a very helpful message to the newly elected district officers in the installation service.

Mrs. J. W. Hendrickson, wife of our district superintendent, was re-elected as district president with all but one vote.

Mrs. BOYD HANCOCK
Superintendent of Publicity

Southwest Oklahoma—September 14

The Sixth Annual N.F.M.S. Convention of the Southwest Oklahoma District convened in Duncan, Oklahoma, with Mrs. W. T. Johnson, district president, presiding.

It was a delightful privilege to have as our convention speaker our general N.F.M.S. president, Mrs. Louise R. Chapman. How our hearts were stirred as she told of Samuel, a young African pastor, who rang the bell to call his people to worship in the face of tremendous opposition!

An impressive poster gave the theme of the convention, "Ring the Bell," and showed Samuel ringing the bell (a piece of an old plowshare). On the platform was a replica of an African thorn tree with the native church bell attached. Our challenge was to "Ring the Bell" in our missionary endeavor. As the local presidents reported, each one who had attained the seven-point goal rang the bell.

Mrs. Johnson, whose wise leadership and godly life have blessed all of us, was re-elected district president. Her report showed the district had made splendid gains. She challenged us to go out to do greater things for God and a lost world and thus "Ring the Bell."

Mrs. R. A. ISBELL
Superintendent of Publicity

Northeast Oklahoma—September 13

At two o'clock, September 13, the Northeast Oklahoma N.F.M.S. District Convention opened in the First Church of the Nazarene in Bartlesville. Reports from district officers and local presidents showed a good gain in every phase of the work this year. We praise God for this.

We were privileged to have Rev. Elmer Schmelenbach, returned missionary from Africa, to give us three good messages on our work there, which surely were inspiring to all.

Mrs. I. C. Mathis, wife of our district superintendent, was re-elected district president, with a wonderful vote. A good spirit prevailed throughout the convention. We are sure that all went back to their home churches with a greater determination to labor more for the Master while yet it is day.

Mrs. J. V. GARRETT
Superintendent of Publicity

Georgia—September 21

The twenty-seventh annual meeting of the Georgia District N.F.M.S. was held at Fitzgerald church, Tuesday, September 21, with Mrs. Bruce B. Hall, vice-president, presiding. Mrs. Herman E. Ward, who had served so ably as president during the past year, had left the district a few days previously to accompany her husband to West Virginia, where he has accepted a pastorate. The Wards were loved and appreciated on the Georgia District.

Mrs. Hall presided most efficiently and the business was carried on in splendid order.

Mrs. J. H. Robinson, who has served as corresponding secretary ever since the district missionary work was organized, was absent for the second time in twenty-seven years, due to ill health. We missed her greatly and she was re-elected for another year. Mrs. Mack Anderson, wife of our district superintendent, was elected president.

(Continued on page 15)

FROM YOUR MISSIONARIES

Recently I have received two very urgent requests. I am sure there are many societies who will want to do something about them in addition to your regular official box work.

USED CLOTHING SOS

Miss Irene Jester, of Africa, writes: "My personal needs are few but I do want USED CLOTHING. I could use so much more than I get—many times over. I have many, many preacher families who look to me for help, beside the children here on the mission. How thankful I would be for used clothing, especially for men and children!"

Note! Miss Jester's address is:

Miss H. Irene Jester
Endingeni Mission Station
P.O. Pigg's Peak, Swaziland
South Africa

The weight limit to South Africa is eleven pounds, including wrappings. Speaking of wrappings—oilcloth or muslin sewed around your eleven pounds of clothing would not waste valuable postage money on paper and boxes. Value the entire eleven-pound parcel at \$1.00 or less. Mark, "Used clothing for free distribution."

Note: Clothing should be medium and lightweight. No hats or shoes.

BANDAGE SOS

Mrs. Stark, of Transvaal, Africa, writes:

"Would you kindly put an SOS in the OTHER SHEEP for us—an SOS for bandages? It is almost a case of save or sorrow. So few have been coming!

No doubt the high postage has a lot to do with it. With over 130 patients daily in the hospital and about 100 outpatients each week, we need boxes of them every month. We are careful with them, for we surely do feel their value to the work. Someone wrote and asked if they couldn't send the duty money, plus the cost of the postage, and let us buy the bandages out here. We could do that but the result would not be an eleven-pound box of bandages but about six pounds. It would cost us about \$7.00 to buy eleven pounds of material for bandages. We appreciate and need the lowly bandage."

For the benefit of you who will need further information regarding this, I give these further instructions.

Bandages may be made of old sheets, linens, etc. For the most part this hospital needs 3- and 4-inch-wide bandages, though 1½- and 2-inch bandages will be needed too. Bandages should be rolled in a continuous roll about six yards in length, pieces sewn (not pinned) together, not just strips rolled together.

Weight limit—eleven pounds per parcel.

Send bandages in separate parcel. Address IN INK to:

Ethel Lucas Memorial Hospital
Acornhoek, E. Transvaal
South Africa

Mark parcel—"Free Gift for Mission Hospital. Bandages from Old Sheets."

Value at 50 cents or less.

Wrapping—if possible sew bandages in a piece of heavy muslin and/or oilcloth.

round the altar to dedicate themselves to a year of service and sacrifice for the Master.

We are looking forward to a new year of victory and accomplishment by God's help, for "we must work—the night cometh."

MRS. T. W. THOMAS, Reporter

1955-56

Study and Reading Course

The 1955-56 study is a general study of missions. The study book, *The Master Says, "Go,"* by Alice Spangenberg, presents the work of missions in twelve interesting, power-packed chapters.

The Reading Course books are as follows:

1. **And Now—New Guinea*—Hardy C. Powers
2. **I Will Build My Church*—Helen Temple
3. **Gospel over the Andes*—Roger Winans
4. **Ambassador to the Africans*—Jones
5. **Fifty Years of Nazarene Missions, Vol. II*—Taylor-DeLong
6. *They Reach for Life*—John E. Skoglund

The back outside cover of the May OTHER SHEEP will be given to a description of each of these books.

Encourage Nazarenes to read at least three of these books this year.

ALABASTER CORNER

One of the high lights was the reporting of the giving in the Alabaster boxes. This plan was introduced only last year and some of the pastors thought it would be difficult to inspire many of our people to give, when they are so poor. But every pastor and missionary president was blessed in telling of the box-breaking services, and how the people joyfully brought their sacrificial offerings to the foot of the Cross, totaling some \$180.00.

The assembly voted to continue with the boxes and the Easter offering, and also passed a resolution that all our churches be tithing churches.

J. ELTON WOOD,
Cape Verde Islands

And now, before closing, we want to tell you that we have a beautiful new church building, built from Alabaster Funds, almost completed. The dedication service will be on August 29. We praise God for this good beginning!

JEANETTE HAYSE, Africa

(Continued from page 14)

The reports of the local presidents and district officers were encouraging and showed gains along most every line. We were especially glad to learn of the increased interest on the part of the men of the church.

Highlighting the convention were the addresses given by Miss Lydia Wilke, who has served as missionary in Africa, and also in the Cape Verde Islands. Her afternoon message was a "Report" from the Cape Verde Assembly. She put most of us to shame as she told of how the Cape Verdians, out of their dire poverty, gave so joyously through the Alabaster Box and Prayer and Fasting League. She told us also that their district was a "10 per cent" district. How shocked she was to learn that only a few (seven at latest report) districts in the States were 10 percenters! Our hearts were stirred. We are awakening to the fact that it is "the whole duty of the whole church to give the whole gospel to the whole world."

North Carolina—September 21

The Fourteenth North Carolina District N.F.M.S. Convention was held in Charlotte Northside Church with Mrs. J. W. Burch presiding. The reports of the local presidents indicated some progress in the local societies. Four new societies were organized this year.

It was a real privilege to have Rev. Cyril Blamey, of South Africa, as guest speaker.

After completing two years of splendid

work as our district president, Mrs. Burch has left our district to take up her duties in Birmingham, Alabama. The District Convention elected Mrs. Lloyd Byron, wife of our district superintendent, as our new president. We look forward to a good year under her capable leadership and expect to do better and greater work for God and missions this next year.

MRS. O. E. SMITH, Reporter

South African European— September 29

The Third Annual Convention of the South African European District N.F.M.S. concluded a successful and encouraging year on September 29, 1954.

A large company of delegates gathered in the beautiful new Church Hall of the Three Rivers congregation at Vereeniging. The air was heavy with a spirit of expectancy, mingled with the scent of roses.

Our district superintendent, Rev. C. H. Strickland, brought a stirring message taken from the scripture, Mark 14:8. He challenged all hearts to do what they could, be it ever so small, and reminded us that our prayer should be, "What can I do for a lost world?"

Mrs. Strickland, our district president, reported good progress in all societies. She was re-elected to serve us another year. God's blessings were upon the convention from the beginning. At the close the newly elected officers gathered



Boy's and Girl's PAGE



Elizabeth D. Hodges, Editor
6401 The Paseo, Box 6076, Kansas City 10, Mo.

DEAR JUNIOR FRIENDS:

Here we are, nearing the glorious Easter season. For many boys and girls it means only new clothes,

or bunnies and egg hunts. For you who love Jesus, Easter means much more. Would you like to write down some of the things which Easter means to you, and give your list to your Junior supervisor?

Remember this is the month for our world-wide missionary offering. Try to make yours as big as you can.

Your letter this month comes from a young friend whom most of you

have not met. Her mother, Mrs. R. R. Miller, wrote it for her. The Millers are missionaries in Trinidad, British West Indies. Can you find it on a map?

Mrs. Miller sent some pictures of her daughter Heather and some of the Sunday-school children. Isn't the one with the six children interesting? They are each of a different race. In front there are: Chinese, East Indian, American (that's Heather); in the back row: Carib, Negro, Portuguese.

Now let's read Heather's letter.

"I am Heather. I was eight years old in September. My two sisters and my brother were born in Africa when my parents were missionaries there. My brother calls me an Indian because I was born in Indiana. I am very proud of being the only American in my family. I lived for two and a half years in the United States. The rest of my life I have lived on a little island close to South America—Trinidad. We can see the mainland of Venezuela from Trinidad. I like living here. It is always warm or hot. We have rain all year but the sun shines brightly in between showers. Mother says the States people do not know the steamy heat we have here. Palms and flowers bloom all the year round. On the mission station we have lots of nice food growing, such as mangoes, avocado pears, bananas, cocoa, tannia, eddoes, dasheen, coffee, oranges, guava, and coconuts.

"Speaking of coconuts reminds me of a trip my mother and I took one day. It was to the southeastern part of the island to Guayaguayare, where Columbus landed when he discovered Trinidad. When we got near the end of our journey we had to drive carefully to dodge some big coconuts that had fallen along the road. Earlier in the morning as we drove through the citrus valley we saw occasional big yellow grapefruits lying in the road. These had fallen from overhanging branches. Have you ever driven along a road under miles and miles of coconut palm trees and had to dodge big coconuts or grapefruits?

"I have been away from Trinidad only once in my lifetime and that was to go to Tobago, a little island very near to Trinidad. Have you read of Robinson Crusoe and his man, Friday? Tobago is their island. One day we rowed out to Bucco Reef. I wish you could have seen the thousands of bright-colored tropical fish swimming about in a fairyland of coral formations. Really, I thought I was in a fairy story. My brother speared a blue-striped tigerfish and a brilliant green parrot fish. The same day he caught two small barracudas and a small shark (thirty inches long).

"I do not have any playmates here at the mission, for the college students, missionaries, and workers are all grownups; but I keep busy with my family of dolls and my schoolwork. I study the Calvert Course at home. Mamma gets the lessons from the United States and teaches me. I have four dogs, a parrot, and two kittens to play with, too.

"I hope I shall meet you someday.

*"Lovingly, your friend,
"HEATHER"*

Did you get to the end of your Bible Treasure Hunt? If the answer you got was 12, your score is perfect. Here is an easier one: What is Mrs. Miller's favorite Bible verse? You will find it by using the same code: A is 1; B is 2; C is 3; etc. 16-8-9-12-9-16-16-9-1-14-19 (4:19)

Always your friend, Mrs. W. D. McGraw, Jr.



Why Should I Give?

Why should I give my money
To men I have never seen?
Why should I send my living
To places where I've never been?
How do I know my offering
Will be used in manner wise?
Perhaps the whole collection
Will be kept by men of lies!
Would it not be better
To keep my money at home?
Why give to naked heathen
Who among the jungles roam?

These are the shallow questions
Of men of selfish heart;
These are the stingy suggestions
Of those who with gold will not part.

God gave His Son, an Offering,
To men who were lost in sin;
God poured out His riches
To men who were far from Him.
Christ, the wealth of heaven,
By men was vilely slain;
But never did the Father
Report His gift was in vain.
And only have we and our nation
The gospel that calmed our strife
Because unselfish missionaries
Gave both their money and life!

Lord, take more than my money;
Take my heart, my life, my all.
And, Lord, if I may serve Thee,
Here am I, awaiting Thy call!

—LYLE PRESCOTT

April, 1955

Easter Offering



The Cross
Compels Us
TO

GIVE

FOR CHRIST and SOULS



APRIL
10

CHURCH of the NAZARENE